PITTSBURGH GAZETTE.

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PITTSBURGH.

SATURDAY MORNING, DEC. 20, 1851.

☞ READING MATTER WILL BE FOUND ON EACH PAGE OF THIS PAPER.

We see it stated, that the dinner to Kossuth by the New York press, was made a topic of remark by Henry Ward Beecher in his church on Sunday evening, and he is reported to have said that it was within his knowledge that $1000 had been offered and refused for a ticket to that dinner: The Rev. gentleman further announced, that Kossuth would speak on behalf of Hungary at his church on Thursday evening, and that the tickets of admission would be $5 each. The church, it is said, will seat 2500 persons, and no doubt was entertained but that the house would be filled to its utmost capacity. The receipts will be wholly applied to the Kossuth fund.

KOSSUTH AND THE PRESS.—We give to-day another of the remarkable speeches of the illustrious Hungarian—that delivered at the dinner given by the Press of New York. Though not as important as that delivered at the city banquet, it is equally interesting original and powerful. It exhibits that wonderful originality, depth, and grasp of mind, which render all his speeches so remarkable, and which show how gigantic his intellect really is. In this speech he transfers us again to Hungary, and in a masterly argument, replete with historic information and noble and statesmanlike views, he refutes a charge made upon him by some of the apologists of Austrian tyranny. His originality is most astonishing, although he has done nothing but talk since his arrival, and all his addresses have been published, yet this speech is as fresh and interesting as if we had never before read a word which had fallen from his pen or lips.

MR. WHIPPLE'S LECTURES.—We cheerfully and earnestly endorse the remarks of our correspondent, "Spectator." America has reasons to be proud of her WHIPPLE, and it would be a lasting disgrace to Pittsburgh if a Lecturer, of his fine mind, rare genius, and varied acquirements should not speak to overflowing houses. It is seldom such a privilege can be enjoyed, and we thank the gentlemen of the Literary Institute, for the rich intellectual treat they have provided for us. We will find room for "Spectator" in our next.

Advices from Havana are to the 30 th ult, received by way of New Orleans,

The *Diario* has an account of the firing by the British brig of war upon the Prometheus, communicated by an Englishman who was a passenger on board the steamer. It does not materially differ from the statement already published, save that it speaks of the officers and crew of the boat of the Express being "grossly insulted" when they came on board the Prometheus. But even on this, which may be received as the statement most favorable to the British, we see nothing to make us qualify what we have previously said, viz, that although the captain of the Prometheus erred in not paying his port charges, there was no excuse for the conduct of the British captain, and that our Government has no alternative but to demand explanation or apology from that of Great Britain.

From the Commercial Journal.

MR. EDITOR: An article in your paper of this morning in regard to the Fair about to be held for the Mercy Hospital, remands me of a fact which ought to be made known to the community, and seems apropos at this time.

It is well know that the Ladies, belonging to the various Protestant Churches in the city, have formed a benevolent Society, for the purpose of distributing clothing and food to the deserving, poor; their plan is to visit them so as to bestow judiciously: and I am informed that nine out of ten families, thus visited, belong to the Roman Catholic Church; that Church (according to their universal statement) refusing to do anything for them. A number of them assert that they have applied to this very Mercy Hospital for relief, and have been denied it.

I am perfectly aware that the special design of a Hospital is to afford an Asylum for the sick but when applications for charity are made there by members of their own body particularly, we would naturally expect some notice to be taken of them.

Now, Sir, all the Protestant Churches in the city, of which these same benevolent Ladies are members, provide for their own poor, by a special fund set apart for that purpose; under such circumstances, and particularly at this time, when that Church is appealing to public charity, it is not due to the public and themselves, that they give us some explanation of this matter.

My sole object, Sir, in calling attention to it, is to acquire information, and does not arise from any ill feeling towards that Church, or from any desire to cast odium upon it.

I hope some of the members of the body will gratify us with a reply. Yours &c.,
DECEMBER, 17 1851. SPECTATOR.

The following advertisement comes to us, marked in the St. John (N. B.) News:

The subscriber is desirous of obtaining information of Frank Gallagher, James Gallagher, John Gallagher, and John Dunn, who are supposed to reside in Pittsburgh, Penna., and who have not been heard of in a long time. Should this meet with the attention of either of the above, the subscriber would be thankful to receive a few lines from either of them.

PATRICK GALLAGHER
Portland, New Brunswick,

☞ Pittsburgh papers will confer a great favor upon a distressed family by copying the above.

HENRY WARD BEECHER—KOSSUTH.

The Preacher named above has a heart in him. The pulpit is no unmeaning place to him, and the church no holiday room, sacred though it be. He would make both minister to Freedom, and to whatever may help or elevate man. He would use the power they would shore up humanity, or give it hope or life. Bless such preachers, and multiply them, oh! Lord, over the land, is our prayer.

Kossuth is to speak in Henry Ward Beecher's church! And the meeting is to be the means of raising money whereby he may grapple with and overcome the inhuman despots of the old world! And why not? This act—all such acts—do more for living Christianity—do more to establish the gospel—than any mortal can gauge. The skeptic finds strength whenever and wherever the Pulpit or the Church compromises with Wrong. The infidel is confirmed in his barren theory, as either or both strives to sustain injustice for any cause. The liberal and generous are taught to yield, and do yield to nature's generous impulses, rather than drink at the deeper fount of religion, as they behold its teachers pliant or false. But as they are true, as they stand up for Humanity and for Man in its behalf, fearless, as is Henry Ward Beecher, of the frowns of power and wealth, and scorning the threats of routine or vain babblers though in authority in the church, skeptic, infidel, and doubter and "outsider" of every class, look on, and, with subdued delight say, "Oh! if all were as he is, our souls would be illumined; we should know what to do; Religion would have a meaning and a life, and the Church be a practical symbol of truth."

Are ministers of the Gospel deaf? Do they not know that to give life they must have life? Is not the fact plain to them that as one false step causes another false step to be taken, so one generous and whole-souled thought breeds another generous and whole-souled thought?—Let them look at Kossuth! Why does the world shout at the mention of his name? *Because he has been true to Freedom and Humanity!* An exile, a felon, he preaches to the whole world, consequently, as no church preaches. And is it possible for ministers to live and do good; to preach, and plant the glad messages of the gospel in the hearts of men, if they are false in degree even to Freedom or Humanity? Let them look well to this matter, and profit by the noble example of HENRY WARD BEECHER.—*Cleveland True Democrat.*

KOSSUTH.—An English newspaper, the Hampshire Independent, states, as a positive fact, that Kossuth, being disappointed in the expected subscriptions in England to the fund for the liberation of Hungary, devoted the whole of the money he had brought from exile to the fund alluded to, and left England with but £10 in his pocket. The New York Times learns that measures are in active progress in that city to make an organized effort in aid of Hungarian independence, by constituting a central committee there, composed of some twenty or thirty of the most prominent citizens of the place, who will receive subscriptions and organize branch committees in various parts of the country for similar purposes. It is stated that Mayor Gilpin has consented to act in that capacity in Philadelphia until a committee is constituted.—*North American.*

FRANCE.—The Assembly reactionary party, although defeated and threatened with military extinction, remains undaunted, and plots the most extravagant schemes. The latest is a proposal to engraft on a bill pending in the Chamber articles which make it treason for the Executive to throw obstacles in the way of the "rights" claimed by the Assembly, or for any military officer to refuse obedience to the Assembly.

KOSSUTH IN NEW YORK.

The Great Dinner Given by the Press.

ANOTHER GREAT SPEECH FROM KOSSUTH.

The grand dinner tendered by the members of the press in New York to Kossuth, took place last evening at the Astor House.

The company numbered about 220 persons, of whom it is stated the press made but a small portion. The dining room was tastefully decorated, and the bill of fare the best that could be devised. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher asked a blessing.

After the removal of the cloth the guests of the Astor House and many ladies were admitted, crowding the room excessively. Wm. C. Bryant of the Evening Post presided. Letters were read from Secretaries Webster, Crittenden, Hall, Stuart, and from other distinguished men who could not be present.

To the first toast 'Turkey, Great Britain and the United States,' Hon. George Bancroft responded. The third regular toast was 'Louis Kossuth.' This was received with great cheering, in the midst of which Kossuth rose and spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN—Rising respectfully to return my most warm thanks for the honor of the toast and the high benefit of the sympathy manifested by this solemn demonstration, it is with mingled feelings of joy and fear that I address you, gentlemen. I address you with joy because, conscious of the immensity of the power which you wield, it is natural to feel some awe in addressing those in whose hands the success or the failure of our hopes is placed. Still, I equally know that in your hands, gentlemen, the independent republican press is a weapon, but a weapon to defend truth and justice, and not to offend. It is no screen to hide, no snuffers to extinguish the light, but a torch lit at the fire of immortality, a spark of which is glistening in every man's soul, to prove its divine origin; a torch which you wield loftily and high, to spread light with it to the most lonely regions of humanity.

And as the cause of my country is the cause of justice and truth—as it has in no respect to fear the light, but rather wants nothing but light to see secured to it the support and protection of every friend of freedom, of every noble-minded man, these are the reasons why I address you with joy, gentleman. The more with joy, because, though it is sorrowful to see that ill-willed misrepresentation, or secret Austrian intrigues, distorting plain, open history to a tissue of falsehood and lies know how to find their way even to a small, insignificant part of the American press, still I am proud and happy to see that the immense majority of the American press not only proved inaccessible to these venomous intrigues, but conscious of the noble vocation of an independent press, and yielding to the generous inclination of freemen, of protecting truth and justice against the dark plots of tyranny, has, without any interference from my part, come forth to protect the sacred cause of Hungary.

The independent press of this great republic has in this very case also proved to the world that even against the mischievous power of calumnies the most efficient protection is the freedom of the press, and not preventive measures, condemning human intellect to eternal minority. I address you, gentlemen, the more with joy, because through you I have the invaluable benefit to address the whole university of the great, glorious and free people of the United States. That is a great word, gentlemen, and it is literally true. While eighty years ago immortal Franklin's own press was almost the only one in the colonies, now there are over three thousand newspapers in the United States, having a circulation of five millions of copies, and amounting in their yearly circulation to the prodigious number of nearly four and a half hundred millions; and every grown man in the Union reads on the average two newspapers a week, and one hundred and five copies a year; nearly eighteen copies fall, in proportion to the population, to every human being in the Union, man, woman, and child.

I am told that the journals of New York State alone, exceed in number those of all the rest of the world beyond your great Union, and the circulation of the newspapers of this city alone nearly exceeds those of the whole empire of Great Britain. But there is yet one particularly remarkable fact which I cannot forbear to mention, gentlemen. I boldly declare, that beyond the United States there exists scarcely a practical freedom of the press—at least in Europe, not except perhaps, Norway, of whose condition in that respect, I am not quite aware. You know, gentlemen, how the press is fettered throughout the European continent. Even, for the present, in France itself, whose great nation, by a strange fate, were, under a nominally republican, but centralized government, all the glorious fruits of their great and victorious revolutions wasting between the blasting fingers of centralized, administrative and legislative omnipotence. You know how the independent press of France is murdered by imprisonment of their editors, and by fees; you know how the present government of France feels unable to bear the force of public opinion—so much that in the French Republic the very legitimate shout of "*Vive la Republique!*" has almost become a crime.

This very circumstance is sufficient to prove that in that glorious land where the warm and noble heart of the French nation throbs with self-confidence and noble pride, a new revolution is an unavoidable necessity. It is a mournful view which the French nation now presents, but is also an efficient warning against the dangerous ities of centralization, inconsistent with freedom, because inconsistent with self-government, and it is also a source of hope for the European continent, because we know that things in France cannot endure thus as they are; we know that to become a true republic is a necessity for France, and thus we know also that whoever be the man, who in the approaching crisis will be honored by the confidence of the French nation, he will, he must be faithful to that grand principle of fraternity towards the other nations, which being announced by the French constitutions to the world, raised such encouraging, but bitterly disappointed expectations throughout Europe's oppressed continent

But it is chiefly, almost only, Great Britain in Europe which boasts to have a free press, and to be sure during my brief stay in England, I joyfully saw that really there is a freedom of print, almost an unlimited one, so far that I saw printed advertisements at every corner, and signed by the publishers, stating that Queen Victoria is no lawful Queen—that she ought to be sent to the Tower, and all those who rule ought to be hanged. Men laughed, and nobody cared about the foolish extravagancy. And yet I dare say, and I hope the generous people of Great Britain will not be offended at my stating the fact, that there is no practical freedom of the press. The freedom of the press, to be a practical one, must be a common benefit to all—else it is no freedom, but a privilege. It is wanting two ingredients—freedom of printing and freedom of reading. Now, there is no freedom of reading there, because there is no possibility for the people at large to do so. Because the circulation of newspapers, the indispensable moral food of human intellect is, by a heavy taxation, checked. The press is a source of public revenue, and by the incumbrance of stamp and paper duties, made almost inaccessible to the poor. Hence it is that the newspapers in the United States are only one tenth, and in some cases one twentieth the price of English or French papers, and hence, again, is the immense difference in their circulation.

In the United States several of the daily papers every morning reach from thirty to forty thousand readers, whereas the *London Times* is considered to be a monster power, because it has a circulation of from twenty five to thirty thousand copies, of which, I was told, during my stay in England, that the good, generous sense of the people has abated some six thousand copies, in consequence of its foul hostility to the just and sacred cause of Hungary. Such being the condition of your press, gentlemen, it must of course be a high source of joyful gratification to me, to have the honor to address you, gentlemen; because in addressing you I really address the whole people of the United States—not only a whole people, but a whole intelligent people, gentleman. That is the highest praise which can upon a people be bestowed, and yet is no praise—it is the acknowledgement of a real fact. The very immensity of the circulation of your journals proves it to be so—because this immense circulation is not only due to that constitutional right of yours to speak and print freely your opinions; it is not only due to the cheap price which makes your press a common benefit to all, and not a privilege to the rich—but it is chiefly due to the universality of public instruction which enables every citizen to read.

It is a glorious thing to know that in this flourishing young city alone, where streets of splendid buildings proudly stand, where a few years ago the river spread its waves, or the plough tilled, nearly one hundred thousand children receive public education annually. Do you know, gentlemen, what I consider the most glorious monuments of your country? If it be so as I have read it—it is that fact, that when in the steps of your wandering squatters, your engineers go on to draw geometrical lines, even in the territories where the sound of a human step never yet mixed with the murmurs by which virginial natures is adoring the Lord; in every place marked to become a township, on every sixteenth square, you place a modest pole, with the glorious mark, "Popular Education Stock." This is your proudest monument. However, be this really the case or not, in every case, in my opinion, it is not your geographical situation, not your material power, not the bold enterprising spirit of your people which I consider to be the chief guarantee of your country's future, but the universality of education, because an intelligent people never can consent not to be free.

You will be always willing to be free, and you are great and powerful enough to be so good as your will. My humble prayers to benefit my country's cause, I must so address to the public opinion of the whole intelligent people of the United States. You are the mighty engineers of this sovereign power upon which rests my country's hopes—it must be, therefore, highly gratifying to me to see, not isolated men, but the powerful complete of the great word "Press," granting me this important manifestation of generous sentiments and of sympathy; still I address you with fear, gentlemen, because you are aware that since my arrival here, I had the great honor and valuable benefit to see my whole time agreeably occupied by the reception of the most noble manifestations of public sympathy, so much, that it became entirely impossible for me to be thus prepared to address you, gentlemen, in a language which I but very imperfectly speak, as the great importance of this occasion would have required, and my high regards for yourselves had pointed out as a duty to me.—However, I hope you will take this very circumstance for a motive of excuse.

You will generously consider that whenever and wherever I publicly speak, it is always chiefly spoken to the press; and, lowering our expectations to the humility of my abilities, and to the level of the principal difficulties of my situation, you will feel inclined to some kind indulgence for me, were it only out of brotherly generosity for one of your professional colleagues, as I profess to be one. Yes, gentleman, it is a proud recollection of my life that I commenced my public career in the humble capacity of a journalist. And in that respect I may perhaps be somewhat entitled to your brotherly indulgence, as you, in the happy condition which the institutions of your country insure to you, can have not even an idea of the tortures of a journalist who has to write with fettered hands, and who is more than fettered by an Austrian arbitrary preventive censorship.

You have no idea what a torture it is to sit down to your writing desk, the breast full of the necessity of the moment, the heart full of righteous feelings, the mind full of convictions and of principles—and all this warmed by the lively fire of a patriot's heart—and to see before your eyes the scissors of the Censor ready to fall upon your head, like the sword of Damocles, lopping your ideas, maiming your arguments, murdering your thoughts; and his pencil before your eyes, ready to blot out, with a single draught, the work of your laborious days and of your sleepless nights; and to know that the people will judge you, not by what you have felt, thought and written, but by what the Censor will, to know that the ground upon which you stand is not a ground known to you, because limited by rules, but an unknown slippery ground, the limits of which the but within the arbitrary pleasure of your Censor—doomed by profession to be stupid, and a coward, and a fool:—to know all this, and yet not to curse your destiny—not to deny that you know to read and write, but go on, day by day, in the torturing work of Sysiphus. Oh! it is the greatest sacrifice which an intelligent man can make to fatherland and humanity!

And this is the present condition of the Press, not in Hungary alone, but in all countries cursed by Austrian rule. Our past revolution gave freedom to the Press, not only to my fatherland, but by indirect influence also to Vienna, Prague, Lemberg; in a word, to the whole empire of Austria. This very circumstance must be sufficient to ensure your sympathy to my country's cause; as, on the contrary, the very circumstance that the victory of the Hapsburgian dynasty, achieved by treason and Russian arms, was a watchword to oppress the Press in Hungary, in Austria, in Italy, in Germany—nay, throughout the European continent. The consideration that the freedom of the Press on the Danube and Vistula is inconsistent with the preponderance of Russia, and the very existence of the Austrian dynasty, this sworn enemy of freedom and of every liberal thought—your generous support will sweep away these tyrants and raise liberty where now foul oppression proudly rules.

Gentlemen, a considerable time ago, there appeared in certain New York papers, a systematic compound of the most foul calumnies, falsehoods, and misrepresentations about the Hungarian cause, going so far as with unexampled effrontery, to state that we struggled for oppression, while it was the cause of Austrian dynasty which stood forth for liberty. Now, there is a degree of effrontery, the temerity of which becomes astonishing even to me, who, has seen the unexampled treachery of the House of Hapsburg, and become familiar with the old Roman maxim, "*mil admiran*," through my tempest tossed life. We may be misrepresented, accused, betrayed, charged with faults; our martyrs, the blood of whom cries for, revenge, may be laughed atas fools; and even heroes, commanding the veneration of history, may be represented as Don Quixotes of tragi-comedy—all this I could, if not bear, at least conceive. I have seen strange specimens of the aberrations of the human mind; but that, in the midst of the most wonderful sufferings, not even the honor of an unfortunate nation should be sacred to some men, who enjoy the benefit of free institutions and profess to be republicans—that is too much! it is a sorrowful page in mankind's history.

You cannot, of course, expect to see me, on this occasion, entering into a special refutation of this astonishing compound of calumnies. I will reserve it for my pen, so soon as I can have a free day for it. It will be very easy work, because all artificial compounds of misrepresentations must fall into dust before the dispassionate, plain statement of facts, the greater part of which, I thankfully have to acknowledge, are already not unknown to you. Permit me to make some humble remark upon the question of 'nationalities,' which play such an important, and, I dare say, such a mischievous part in the destinies of Europe. I say mischievous, because no word was ever so much misprepresented or mistaken, as the word 'nationality' so that it would be indeed a great benefit to humanity could I succeed to contribute something to the rectification of this idea, the misrepresentation of which became the most mischievous instrument in the hands of absolutism, against the spirit of liberty.

Let me ask you, gentlemen, are you, the people of the United States, a nation or not? Have you a national government or not? Have you? You answer yes; and yet you, the people of the United States, are not of one blood, and speak not one language. Millions of you speak English, others French, others German, others Italian, others Spanish, others Danish, and several Indian dialects—and yet you are a nation! And your government, even the governments of your single States, nay the municipal governments of your different cities, are not legislating, and governing, and administering in all and every language spoken in your Union, in the respective States and in the respective cities themselves, and yet you have a national government! Now, suppose that one part of the people of the United States, struck by a curse like that with which the builders of Babel were once struck, should at once rise up and say—"The Union in which we live is an oppression to us. Our laws, our institutions, our State and city governments, our very language, is an oppression to us! What is Union to us? what rights what laws what freedom? what history what geography? what community of interests? They all are nothing. Language—that is all.—Let us divide the Union! divide the States; divide the very cities. Let us divide the whole country into two, and according to language, and then let the people of every language live distinct, and form each a separate State. Because every nation has a right to a national life, and to us the language is the nation—nothing else; and your Union; your rights, your laws, and your freedom itself, though common to us, is an oppression to us because language is the only basis upon which States must be founded. Every thing else is tyranny!

What would you say of such reasoning? What would become of your Great Union? What of your Constitution—this glorious legacy of your greatest men—those immortal stars on mankind's moral canopy! What would become of your country itself, whence the spirit of freedom spreads its rising wings, and rising hope clears up the future of humanity? What would become of this grand, mighty complex of your republic, should it ever be attacked in its consistency by the furious hands of the fanaticism of language? Where now she wanders and walks among the rising temples of human happiness, she soon would tread upon the ruins of liberty, mourning over the fragility of human hopes. Happy art thou, free nation of America, that thou hast founded thy house upon the only solid basis of a nation's liberty. Liberty! A principle steady like the world, eternal like the truth, and universal for every climate, for every man, like Providence. Thou hast no tyrants among thee to throw the apple of Eros in thy Union. Thou hast no tyrants among thee to raise the fury of hatred in thy national family—hatred of nations, that curse of humanity, that venomus instrument of despotism.

What a glorious sight it is to see the oppressed of so many different countries, different in language, history, and habits, wandering to thy shores and becoming members of thy great nation, regenerated by the principle of common liberty. Would I could do the same; but I can't, because I love my native land, inexpressibly, boundlessly, fervently. I love it more than life, more than happiness; I love it more for its gloomy sufferings than I would in its proudest, happiest days. What makes a nation? Is it the language only? Then there is no powerful nation on earth, because there is no moderately large country in the world, whose population is counted by millions, where you would not find several languages spoken. No! it is not language only which makes a nation. Community of interest, community of history, communities of rights and duties, but chiefly community of institutions of a population, which, though perhaps different in tongue, and belonging to different races, is bound together by its daily intercourse in their towns, the centres of their homely commerce and industry, the very mountain ranges, and system of rivers and streams, the soil, the dust of which is mingled with the ashes of those ancestors who bled on the same field, for the same interest—the common inheritance of glory and woe, the community of laws, tie of institutions, tie of common freedom or common oppression—all this enters into the definition a nation.

That this is true—that this is instinctively felt by the common sense of the people, nowhere is more apparently shown than at this very moment in my native land. Hungary was declared by Francis Joseph of Austria, no more to exist as a nation, no more as a State. It was and is put under martial law: strangers rule, in a foreign tongue, where our fathers lived and our brothers bled. To be a Hungarian became almost a crime in our own native land. Now, to justify before the world the extinction of Hungary, the partition of its territory, and again the centralization of the dissected limbs into the common body of servitude, the treacherous dynasty was anxious to show that the Hungarians are in a minority in their own native land. They hoped that intimidation and terrorism would induce even the very Hungarians—Magyars as we are in our own language termed—to abnegate their language and birth. They ordered a census of nationalities to be made.—They performed it with the iron rule of martial law; they employed terrorism in the highest degree, so much that thousands of women and men who professed to be Magyars, preferred not to know, nay, not to have perhaps heard any other language than the Magyar, notwithstanding all their protestations, were put down Sclaves, Serbs, Germans and Wallachians, because their names had not quite an Hungarian sound,

And still what was the issue of the malignant plot? But of the twelve millions of inhabitants of Hungary proper, the Magyars turned out to be more than eight millions, some two millions more than we know the case really is. The people instinctively felt that the tyrant had the design to destroy with the pretext of language the very existence of the nation formed by the compound of all those ingredients which I have mentioned above, and with that common good sense which every nation possesses, met the tyrannic plot so if it answered, "We want to be a nation, and if the tyrant takes language only for the mark of our nationality, then we are all Hungarians." And mark well, gentlemen, this happened not under my governship, but even under the rule of Austrian martial law. The Cabinet of Vienna became furious; it thought of a new census, but prudent men told them that a new census would give the whole twelve millions as Magyars, and thus no new census was taken. So true is my assertion that it is not language alone which makes a nation, an assertion which, of course, your own great republic proves to the world

But on the European continent there unhappily grew up a school which bound the idea of a nation only to the idea of language, and joined political pretensions to it. There are some who advocate the theory that existing countries must cease; and the territories of the world be anew divided by languages, and nations segregated by linguistic rules. I cannot believe that this idea, if it were not impracticable, would be but a curse to humanity—a death blow to civilization and progress, and throw back mankind by centuries—it were an eternal source of strife to war, because there is a holy, almost religious tie, by which man's heart to his home is bound, and no man ever willingly consents to abandon his native land only because his neighbors speak another language than he himself; and, by this reason, claims for himself that sacred spot where the ashes of his fathers lie—where his own cradle stood—where he dreamed the happy dreams of youth, and where nature itself bears a mark of his individuality. Perhaps even more, it would be worse than the old migration of nations was—despotism only would rise out of the strife

Mankind's fanaticism is really very curious. Nobody of the advocates of the mischievous theory is willing to yield to it Every Frenchman would be ready to shed his last drop of blood before he would see his Alsace is claimed by Germany by the right of language—or the borders of his Pyrenees to Spain—but there are some amongst the very men who feel resisted at this idea, who claim for Germany that it should yield up large territory because one part of the inhabitants speak a different tongue, and would claim from Hungary to divide its territory, which God himself has limited by its range of mountains and the system of streams, as also by all the links of a community of more than a thousand years, to cut off our right hand, Transylvania, and to give it up to the neighboring Wallachia, to cut out, like Shylock, one pound of our very breast—the Banat—and the rich country between the Danube and Theiss—to augment it by Turkish Serbia, and so forth. It is the new ambition of conquest, not by arms but by language. So much I know, at least, that this absurd idea cannot, and will not, be adopted by any nation, not even in the United States, which did not open its hospitable shores to humanity, and greet the flocking millions of emigrants with the right of a citizen, in order that the Union may be cut to pieces, and even your single States divided into new framed, independent countries by such a nonsensical language.

And do you know, gentlemen, whence this absurd theory sprung up on the European Continent? It was the idea of Panslavism—that is the idea that the mighty Sclavonic race is called to rule the world, as once the Romans did. It was a Russian plot. It was the infernal idea to make out of national feelings a tool to Russian preponderance over the world. Perhaps you are not aware of the historical origin of this plot. It was after the third division of Poland, this most immoral act of tyranny, that the chance of fate brought the Prince Czartoinsky to the court of Catharine of Russia. He subsequently became minister of Alexander, the Czar. It was in this quality that, with the noble aim to benefit his down-trodden fatherland, he claimed from the young Czar the restoration of Poland, suggesting for equivalent the idea of Russian preponderance over all nations of the old Sclavonic race.

I believe his intention was sincere; I believe he thought not to misconder those natural borders, which besides the affinity of language, God himself here on the nations has drawn. But he forgot that, as the spider which he raised, he will not be able to master more, and that uncalled fanaticism will sundry fantastical shapes force into his frame, by which the frame itself must burst in pieces asunder. He forgat that Russian preponderance cannot be propitious to liberty; he forgot that it is even not favorable to the development of the Sclav nationality, because Sclavonic nations would by this idea be degraded into individuals of Russianism—all absorbed by Russia, that is absorbed by despotism. Russia got hold of the sensible idea very readily.—May be that young Alexander had in the first moment noble inclinations; he was young and the warm heart of youth is susceptible to noble sentiments. It is not common in history to see such Francis Joseph's of Austria—so young and yet such a Nero as he is. But few years of power were sufficient to extinguish every spark of noble sentiment, if there was one in Alexander's young heart. In the throne of the Romanows is the man soon absorbed by the Autocrat.

The air of the traditional policies of St. Petersburg is not that air, where the plant of regeneration can grow, and the sensible idea became soon a weapon of horror, oppression and Russian preponderance. Russia availed herself of the idea of Panslavism to break down, and make an absolute satellite out of Austria.—Turkey withstands yet, but Austria has fallen in the snare. Russia sent out its agents, its money, its venomous secret diplomacy through the world; it spoke to the Sclave-nations of the hatred against foreign dominion—of independence of the religion connected with nationality under the Russian protectorate; but chiefly it spoke to them of Panslavism under the protectorate of the Czar. The millions of its own large empire, also, all oppressed—all in servitude—all a tool to his own ambition. He flattered them with the idea to become the rulers of the world; in order that they might not think of liberty. He knew that man's breast cannot harbor two passions at once. He gave them ambition, and excluded the spirit of liberty.—This ambition got hold of all the Sclavo nations through Europe.

So became Panslavism the source of a movement, not of nationality, but of the dominion of languages. That word 'language' replaced every other sentiment, and so it became the curse to the development of liberty. Only one part of the Sclavonic races saw the matter clear, and withstood the current of this infernal Russian plot. They were the Polish democrats—the only ones who understood that to fight for liberty is to fight for nationality. Therefore, they fought in our ranks, and were willing to flock in thousands and thousands to aid us in our struggle; but I could not arm them, so I could not accept them. We ourselves, we had a hundred fold more hands ready to fight than arms—and nobody was in the world to help us with arms. There is the same origin and real nature of the question of nationalities in Europe.

Now let me see what was the condition of Hungary under these circumstances. Eight hundred and fifty years ago, when the first king of Hungary, St. Stephen, becoming Christian himself, converted the Hungarian nation to Christianity, it was the Roman Catholic clergy of Germany whom he invited to assist him in this pious undertaking—assistance which happened also to be accompanied by some worldly designs. Hungary offered a wide field to the ambition of foreigners. And they persuaded the king to adopt a curious principle, which he laid down in his political testament; that is, that it is not good when the people of a country is but of one extraction and speaks but one tongue. There was yet adopted another rule; that is, to advise the language of the Church—Latin—for the diplomatic language of the Government, Legislature, law and all public proceedings.—The Hungarian, scarcely yet a believing Christian, spoke not the Latin of course.

This is the origin of that fatality that Democracy did not develope for centuries in Hungary. The public proceedings having been carried on in Latin, the laws given in Latin, the people were excluded from the public life. Public instruction carried on in Latin, the great mass of the people being agriculturers, did not partake in it, and the few who, out of the ranks of the people, partook in it became, by the very instruction, severed and alienated from the people's interests. This dead Latin language, introduced into the public life of a living nation, was the most mischievous barrier against liberty. The first blow to it was stricken by the Reformation. The Protestant Church, introducing the national language into the Divine services, became a medium to the development of the spirit of liberty. So were our ancient struggles for religious liberty always connected with the maintenance of political rights. But still, Latin public life went on so far as to 1790.

At that time, Joseph of Hapsburg, aiming at centralization, replaced the Latin by the German tongue. This raised the national spirit of Hungary: and our forefathers, seeing that the dead Latin language excluded the people from the public concerns, could be propitious to liberty, and anxious to oppose the design of the Viennese Cabinet of Germanizing Hungary, and gave as we are in our own language termed—to abnegate their language and birth. They ordered a census of nationalities to be made.—They performed it with the iron rule of martial law; they employed terrorism in the highest degree, so much that thousands of women and men who professed to be Magyars, preferred not to know, nay, not to have perhaps heard any other language than the Magyar, notwithstanding all their protestations, were put down Sclaves, Serbs, Germans and Wallachians, because their names had not quite an Hungarian sound,

And still what was the issue of the malignant plot? But of the twelve millions of inhabitants of Hungary proper, the Magyars turned out to be more than eight millions, some two millions more than we know the case really is. The people instinctively felt that the tyrant had the design to destroy with the pretext of language the very existence of the nation formed by the compound of all those ingredients which I have mentioned above, and with that common good sense which every nation possesses, met the tyrannic plot so if it answered, "We want to be a nation, and if the tyrant takes language only for the mark of our nationality, then we are all Hungarians." And mark well, gentlemen, this happened not under my governship, but even under the rule of Austrian martial law. The Cabinet of Vienna became furious; it thought of a new census, but prudent men told them that a new census would give the whole twelve millions as Magyars, and thus no new census was taken. So true is my assertion that it is not language alone which makes a nation, an assertion which, of course, your own great republic proves to the world

But on the European continent there unhappily grew up a school which bound the idea of a nation only to the idea of language, and joined political pretensions to it. There are some who advocate the theory that existing countries must cease; and the territories of the world be anew divided by languages, and nations segregated by linguistic rules. I cannot believe that this idea, if it were not impracticable, would be but a curse to humanity—a death blow to civilization and progress, and throw back mankind by centuries—it were an eternal source of strife to war, because there is a holy, almost religious tie, by which man's heart to his home is bound, and no man ever willingly consents to abandon his native land only because his neighbors speak another language than he himself; and, by this reason, claims for himself that sacred spot where the ashes of his fathers lie—where his own cradle stood—where he dreamed the happy dreams of youth, and where nature itself bears a mark of his individuality. Perhaps even more, it would be worse than the old migration of nations was—despotism only would rise out of the strife

Mankind's fanaticism is really very curious. Nobody of the advocates of the mischievous theory is willing to yield to it for himself—but others he desires to yield to it Every Frenchman would be ready to shed his last drop of blood before he would see his Alsace is claimed by Germany by the right of language—or the borders of his Pyrenees to Spain—but there are some amongst the very men who feel resisted at this idea, who claim for Germany that it should yield up large territory because one part of the inhabitants speak a different tongue, and would claim from Hungary to divide its territory, which God himself has limited by its range of mountains and the system of streams, as also by all the links of a community of more than a thousand years, to cut off our right hand, Transylvania, and to give it up to the neighboring Wallachia, to cut out, like Shylock, one pound of our very breast—the Banat—and the rich country between the Danube and Theiss—to augment it by Turkish Serbia, and so forth. It is the new ambition of conquest, not by arms but by language. So much I know, at least, that this absurd idea cannot, and will not, be adopted by any nation, not even in the United States, which did not open its hospitable shores to humanity, and greet the flocking millions of emigrants with the right of a citizen, in order that the Union may be cut to pieces, and even your single States divided into new framed, independent countries by such a nonsensical language.

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